

A Hue and Cry

AFTER THE

DUTCH FLEET

OR,

Joyful Congratulations for our late

VICTORY.

Shall Fires expire through Joy, and yet shall I
 Express no sense of this Great *VICTORY*?
 I swell, and needs must burst, if not declare
 My Joies as ample as our Conquests are.
 Shall Bells in Changes Ring our *GEN' RALS* Praise,
 Whilst some stand still, and do no *Trophies* raise
 Unto their lasting Name? Let all such be
 Hung up like *Bells* for their Malignity?
 Shall roaring *Cannons* every where proclaim
 Our *English* *HEROES* everlasting Fame,
 And I be Dumb? Can *ROYALLISTS* forbear
 To speak, when they such joyful tydings hear?
 Let *Vultures*, *Vipers*, and *Wolfs* cloath'd like Sheep,
 Instead of joy, be silent now, and weep.
 Whose *Zeals* *Detraction*, and whose chiefest good,
 Is traiterously to *Spill*, not spend their Blood
 For *King* or *Countray*; whose late mischievous words
 Import more danger then the hostile Swords
 Of our now *Vanquish't* *Foes*; whose *Reason*
 Is flat *Rebellion*, and their *Truth* is *Treason*.

Ne're hope that *Dutchmen* fed on Mire, and Mud
 Shall bathe your *Plots* in the sweet-scented Blood
 Of *LOYALLISTS*. This was their fatal Lot,
 They turn'd up *Tromp*, but we the *HONOUR S* got.
 These Gamesters play'd for Fewel, Food, and Fish,
 Instead thereof they'l have this in their Dish,
 That a small Sloop of Ours, two Guns, no more,
 Should fight their *Admiral* on their own Shore.
 For shame let's not this Observation make,
 That Our small *Cock* should make Their *Lion* Quake.
 In this all Quarrels reconcil'd we see,
 And no more talk of inconformity;
 But like true *English* men we'l make it known,
 We're for no *King* or *Countray*, but our Own,

Now give me leave to speak as to the Fight,
 And first of the two *Squadrons*, *Red* and *White*.
 Never were Ships so throng'd with Noble Spirits,
 Striving to outvie each other by their Merits.
 About to Fight, they one and all did cry,
 We for our *Countray* willing are to dye.

These joyful Shouts excited us to Fight,
 But made their Courage show it self in flight.
 Our Valour caused Horror to appear
 In their pale Faces, and distracting Fear
 Did so inflave their Hearts, that streight they run;
 A most approved way (by them) to shun
 Approaching harm: we in the Rear pursue,
 Leaving a share o'th Conquest to the *BLUE*.

Brave *SMITH* hath verified on the Maine,
 This proverb, that *True Blue* will never Stain.
 Environ'd round with *Foes*, with Fire, and Smoke,
 Made the Dutch know he had an heart of *OAK*.
 Death staring in his Face, he still did minde
 To husband all th' advantages of Winde.
 His *Foes* did wait Him, but at last did meet,
 They'd paid for waiting, were they not too Fleet;
 If ought th' had cause to boast of heretofore,
 W'have more then ev'ned that pretended Score.

This Conquest shows our *GEN' RALS* understand
 A Kingdoms Steerage, and how to Command.
 Th'have so out done themselves, their Actions past,
 Seems but as Gleams, and Shadows of this Last.
 For which eternal Bayes their Brows adorn,
 And time shall never see their Race out-worn.
 Belov'd by *PRINCES*, and by all desir'd,
 By *Holland* fear'd, and by the World admir'd.

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